

## THE TURNCOAT

"I think I'll turn blond." announced a voice in the room next door.

"This ought to prove interesting." returned her roommate.

I groaned inwardly—here they go again! Zany expeditions were the order of the day in room 219. I pressed my ear to the wall.

"Do you have the wherewithal to do it?" queried Molly.

"You bet—four bottles, peroxide twenty volumes," I heard Mickey crow.

"And all the equipment?"

"Yes—little brushes, dishes, glasses, towels, droppers, cotton batting—no rubber gloves, though."

"I'll perform the operation" offered Molly.

"I don't know whether or not to trust you," mused Mickey doubtfully, "I remember the time you cut Patty's hair and put it in my bed."

"O Mickey, don't be so silly. Now! Let's get into our working clothes." (I shuddered . . . pyjama tops and red leotards)

The clink of bottles told me they were marshalling their forces, and I wondered what had come over Mickey this time . . . She had carrotty red hair. What was wrong with that? I'd always like red hair.

They filed through the lounge while the bridge fiends stared at them briefly, and then dived back into the tension of the game. The terrible twosome entered the laundry room where they heaped their equipment, then returned to the lounge for chairs and an ash tray (Whoops! The laundry room was forbidden territory for smoking.)

Barb and I ventured into the operating chamber where I was promptly shoved into a chair and handed a copious list of directions. Molly pointed a toothbrush at me—"Read!" (I obeyed).

"Mix equal portions of dye and peroxide . . ." (Ugh! It looked like molasses and smelled like . . .)

"Molly, you're not mixing it right!"

"Shut up!" retorted the accused, and shoved a hairclip in her offending patient's mouth.

"Be sure all strands are saturated," I continued, "and wet the hair right down to the roots."

"Molly!" Mickey shrieked, "you're not doing all the strands!"

"Shut up!" hissed the beauty expert. The harrowing process continued.

"Oh, I wish I had those rubber gloves" Molly fretted, "my hands are turning the nicest shade of purple!"

"Molly, don't!" pleaded Mickey around the hairclip.

"Well" was the answer "It's my fingernails."

"I know, but it's my hair! Oh Molly, look at the towel where I wiped my ear!"

"That's dirt, stupid!"

The head was now about half done. This was worse than the guillotine . . . Molly gazed ruefully at her hands.

"What'll I do if my fingernails drop off?"

"What will I do if my hair drops out? You can't buy a wig in Charlottetown" wailed Mickey, "Leonard will massacre me!"

"Well," Barb contributed, "I'll tell you about a woman whose hair did fall out . . ."

"Will you be quiet?" (This was a scream.)

At this juncture the door flew open, and a formidable figure in black surveyed the scene.

"What's going on in here?"

"Ohh" (lightly and innocently) "just a little hair treatment".

"There are things going on in here that should not be going on." The door was closed with an ominous sound. We heard the retreating footsteps.

"She must have meant the cigarettes," Mickey declared taking a long drag.

I'm afraid she meant the hair," Molly worried, surveying the mess.

"Perhaps she meant the leotards", I suggested, and was rewarded with a wet towel in the face.

The tedious operation was soon nearing its end. Molly wet the last few strands. Mickey's head resembled a red hen that had been caught in a downpour.

"Well, for better or for worse . . ."

"Now you dry it." I read.

Mickey groaned, "Oh, I'll bet it'll not take at all, or my hair will fall out, or something more terrible will happen!"



Barb fixed Mickey's coiffure with a critical eye. "Well, it looks sort of green right now.

"Oh ye gods! And Molly's hands are purple!"

"Oh, that's okay" I said cheerfully. "If it's green it'll match your green suit. Hey . . . I wonder if your brain will turn green too . . ."

"Yes," agreed Molly, and if it's green and purple you'll be the only girl on the campus with tecnicolour hair. Come to think of it, green and purple are a parrot's colors . . ."

Mickey couldn't take any more. Grabbing the hair drier she pelted out the door and through the lounge into her room.

"Don't anybody dare come near me until it's dry." (O ye that suffer alone . . .) The rest of us gathered in the lounge, and I returned to the edition of Mike Shayne that the past hour's events had interrupted.

Some time later Mickey appeared before us. The drying process was completed. There she stood. We stared at her crowning glory. Her hair was . . . a beautiful, bold, brilliant, . . . **carrot red** . . .

I would get little sleep that night, for exasperation would reign in 219, but, oh well, as I said before, red is a nice color, at least, I think so.

—M. J. M. '61

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### READING MAKETH A FULL MAN: Francis Bacon

Nobody who is truly desirous of the developement of his whole being can neglect the duty implicit in those words of the great English essayist. Nevertheless, at an institution such as ours, where our intention is supposed to be for our fuller all round developement, very few seem to take Francis Bacon's, dictum, seriously. Few indeed do any reading, and of that few who do read, a smaller minority read the things which will aid a fuller understanding of ourselves and the world around us. Many things militate against a programme of reading; indeed they make a programme of deep reading nigh impossible. The mere fact of our indwelling and a realization of the social, indeed gregarious habits of man will tell us why such a programme is very seldom carried out.

There are very few who will contest the fact that reading is a fine thing; very admirable, something like taking on the vocation of a lay-missioner to South America, and, to draw the comparison a little further, something quite impossible to expect from the mass of students. This is an important consideration. Not everyone is called to be a lay-missionary; nor again are all called to the vocation of being students, serious students, scholars if you will. But that does not permit us to say that nobody was called, is being called or will be called.